

different



an online zine



For anybody who has ever felt “different”.



Fruithoofd II, 2017.

Collage on paper.

Sophie Vanhomwegen

@sophie_vanhomwegen

www.sophievanhomwegen.be

DEAR READER...



Dear reader,

What is normal? The word is ironic, for how can we be normal if that means we have learned to suppress our desires to blindly follow society's set of rules? Is it normal to follow others? To convince ourselves that anybody who strays is lost? Is it normal to want to fit in? Is it normal to want to stand out?

Did somebody build the boxes we are put in? The boxes we must check off? Or are we frantically running in circles, desperately trying to convince ourselves that we have shaped our lives?



What race are we in? What is the prize? Is anybody actually winning?

We have learned to let others make decisions for us, for as children, we had no limitations. Boxes were rocket ships that could fly us to the moon. No idea was ridiculed, no decision was wrong in our minds. It's no wonder we were happier – we were normal. We were free.

We think we have more control as we get older, but we submit instead. To children, nobody is different. Children do not initially define others by their ability to conform; they see normalcy as existing as an individual until taught otherwise.

And what is different? Does it separate us? Connect us? Define us?

What if differences were celebrated? Not ridiculed? What if the box builder did not decide what was right or what was wrong? What if we didn't let them?

In my first curation: Discover, I encouraged individuals to discover themselves through art; I believed that a selection process was limiting, debilitating. I wanted all people to be able to produce works without boundaries. With this curation, it was my mission to do the same.

Thank you for giving these works impact. For allowing the authentic beings behind these pieces to find freedom. For acknowledging that differences are beautiful. For accepting the contrast of pieces. Of personalities. Of perceptions. Of people.

To the artists, thank you for refusing to hold back. For putting a piece of yourself into something external and allowing people all over the globe to hold onto it forever. Let's continue to take the boxes we are given and fly them, like rocket ships, to the moon. I hope you go on an adventure.

Much love,
Rebecca McLaren



All work is the propriety of its original artist. Thoughts and opinions expressed in the works in this publication belong to each individual and independent author.

CONTENTS



VISUAL ARTS

Fruithoofd I, Sophie Vanhomwegen...	cover
I Melted My Face Before it was Cool, Athena Katerina...	5
Drip Lip, Amanda Benaim...	6-7
Untitled, Jamie Michelle Hong...	8
Untitled, Jamie Michelle Hong...	9
four eyes, Jasmine Kuri...	12
Exploring Perspectives, Athena Katerina...	13
just be yourself, Valentina Caballero...	15
Untitled, Lucia Wallace...	17
Spreading, Leah Jean...	18
Sago Palm, Leah Jean...	19
Love Yourself, Emily Morse...	24-25
breaking silence, Arreis...	26-27
Untitled, Luke Phillips...	28-29
Is this me?, Sawroop Sandhu...	32
Amber Halloween, Isabella Fitzsimons...	33
Virago, Sawroop Sandhu...	36
Who does my body belong to?, Ariana Magliocco...	37
A Simple Connection, Alexa Zhang...	40
Platinum Grillz, Amanda Benaim...	41
Fruithoofd II, Sophie Vanhomwegen...	45
Untitled, Luke Phillips...	46
reflection, Ashley Landesman...	46
Blue Moon, Isabella Fitzsimmons...	47
Untitled, Lucia Wallace...	50
FOUR THE SILENT, Arreis...	51





PHOTOGRAPHY

Forest Eyes, Alexander Lam...**10-11**
Class, Simran Tamber...**16**
Hide & Seek, Simran Tamber...**16**
QUIET, Adam Ibrahim...**20-23**
On the Outside Looking In, Abigail Tung...**30-31**
Through the Crowd, Abigail Tung...**33**
Grapes, Becca Serena...**34**
Pride Flies, Becca Serena...**48**
Silent Peace, Alexa Zhang...**52**



POETRY

take it from me, Bryn McCutcheon...**14**
Untitled, Roscoe...**38-39**
teeth, Bryn McCutcheon...**41**
Snow in Autumn, Ashley Landesman...**42-43**
Calling All Humans, by Another Human...**49**

WRITING

Dear Reader, Rebecca McLaren...**1**
The Hallway went Silent, MLXr...**35**
If Wishes came true, MLXr...**44**

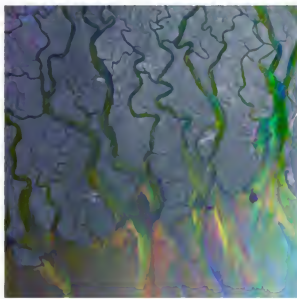


MUSIC

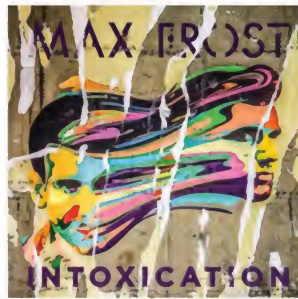
something "different" to spice up your playlist, Matthew Conacher...**4**
Only If, Adina Vlasov...**28-29**



something “different” to spice up your playlist



Breezeblocks
by alt-J
album An Awesome Wave



Die Young
by Max Frost
album Intoxication - EP



Legendary
by POWERS
album Legendary



Dancing In the Moonlight
by Toploader
album Onka's Big Moka



I Don't Want You Back
by BORN\$
album I Don't Want You Back - Single



Loving Is Easy
by Rex Orange County ft Benny Sings
album Loving Is Easy - Single



Vincent
by James Blake
album Vincent - Single



Cold War
by Cautious Clay
album Cold War - Single



Watch
by Billie Eilish
album Dont Smile At Me



I've Been Thinking Hard
by Yellow Days
album Is Everything Okay World?



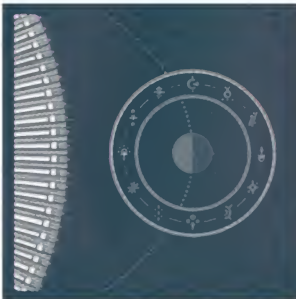
Lovefool
by The Cardigans
album First Band on the Moon



Good Together
by HONNE
album Warm on a Cold Night



Dreams Tonite
by Always
album Antisocialites



Easily
by Bruno Major
album A Song for Every Moon



The Way Life Goes
by Lil Uzi Vert
album Luv Is Rage 2

Matthew Conacher
@mattconacher



I Melted My Face Before
Athena
@
innerathena



Back
back -



Too

in Your



it was Cool
a Katerina
innerathena
tumblr.com







Drip Lip
Amanda Benaim
@art_amandabenaim

VAGUE

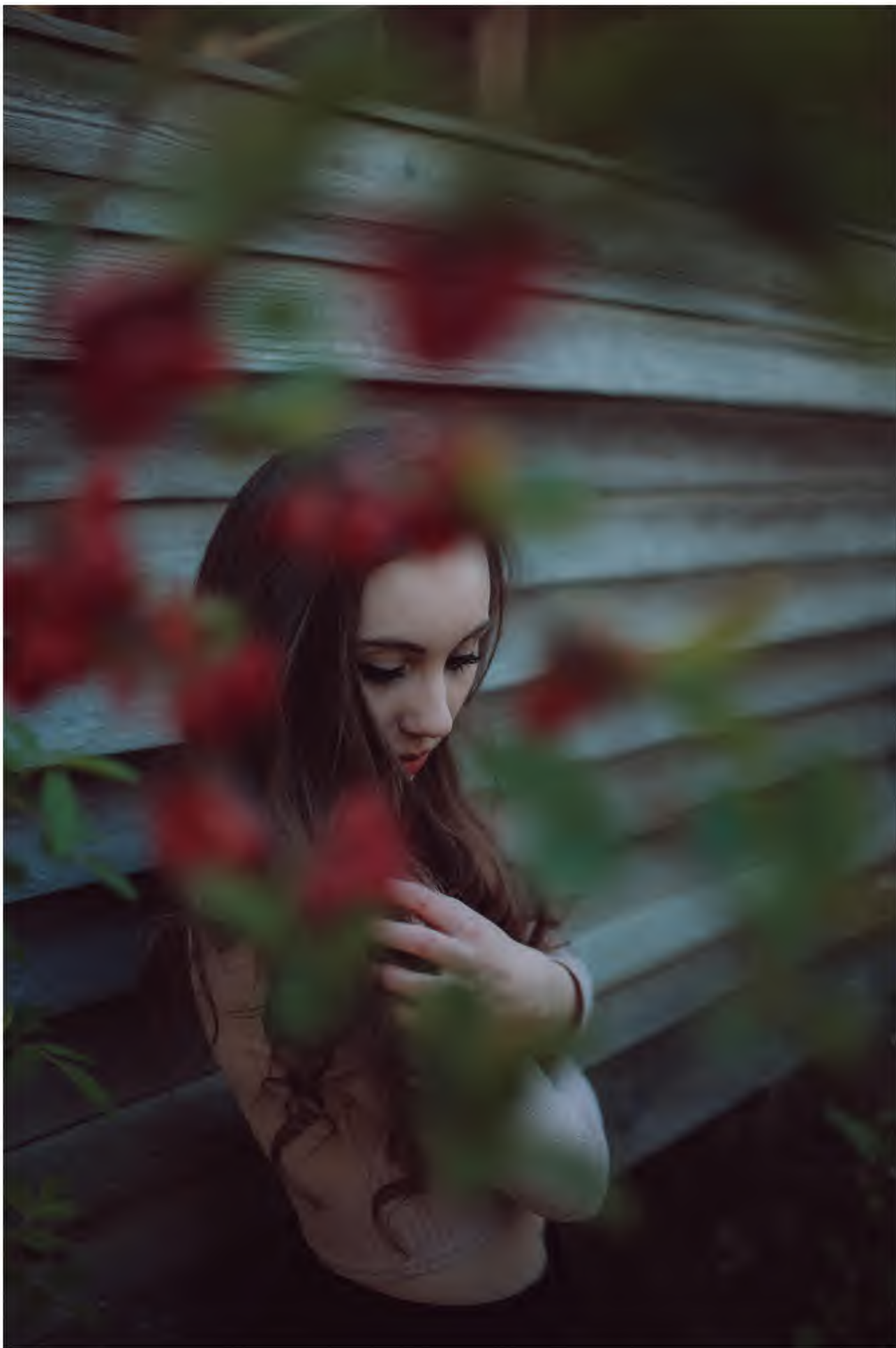


inquire

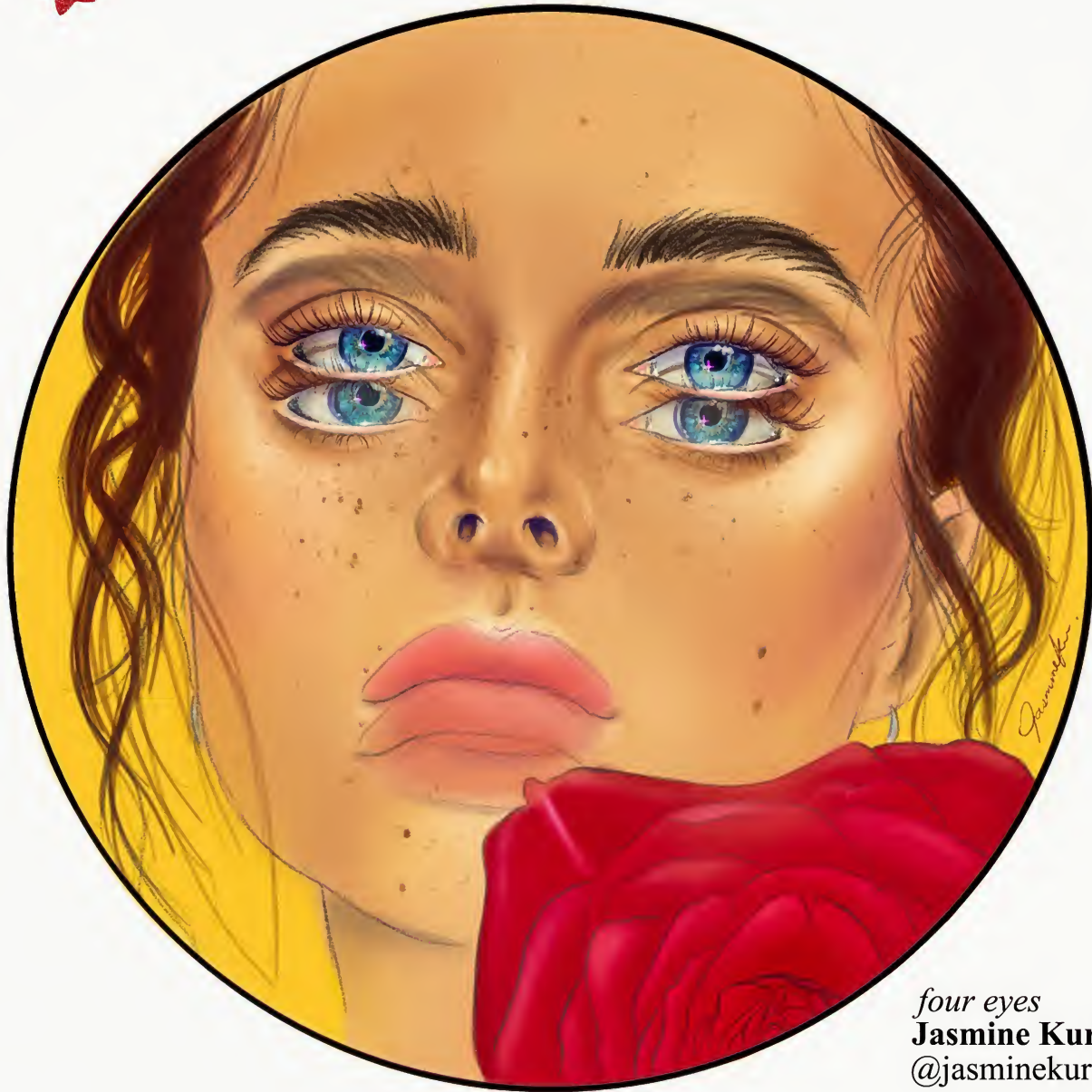


Jamie Michelle Hong





Forest Eyes, Alexander Lam @alxznder



four eyes
Jasmine Kuri
@jasminekuri





take it from me ~bryn mccutcheon

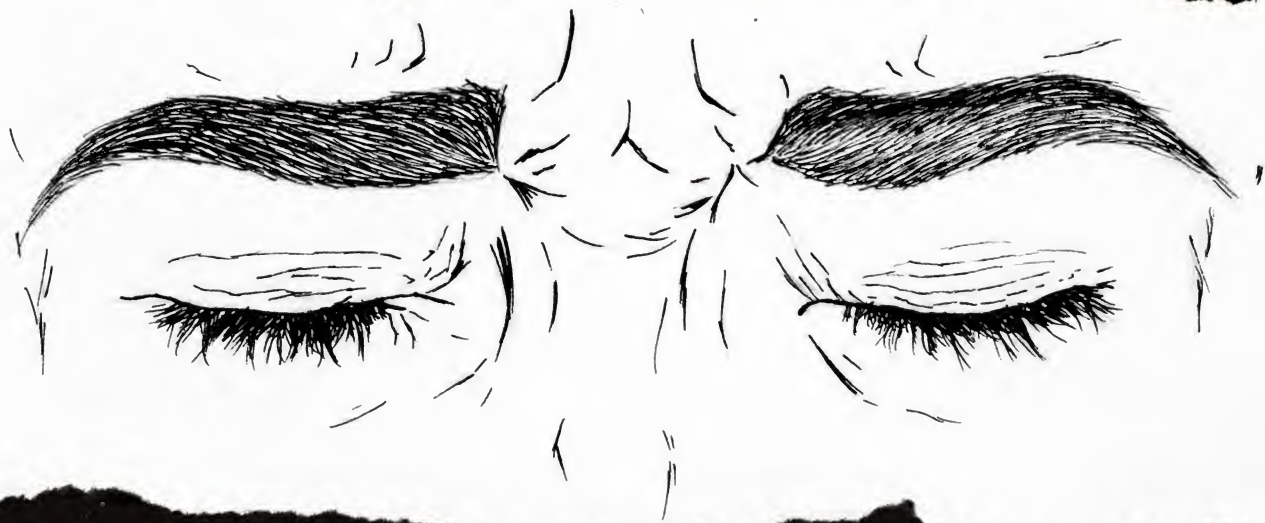
@brynym

take it from me
frost blooms in spirals
blood spills like wine
and both taste like sugar to me

He is never quite sated
take it from me
His hands are too rough
blood spills like wine
i give like i need to
He is never quite sated
i never asked to be trapped here
His hands are too rough

i give
i give like I need to
i give
i never asked to be trapped here







Class
Simran Tamber



Hide & Seek
Simran Tamber



Untitled, 2016
Lucia Wallace

@art_journal_by_lucia
Embroidery and Shell on hand-
dyed silk, 30cm x 60cm, \$200





Spreading



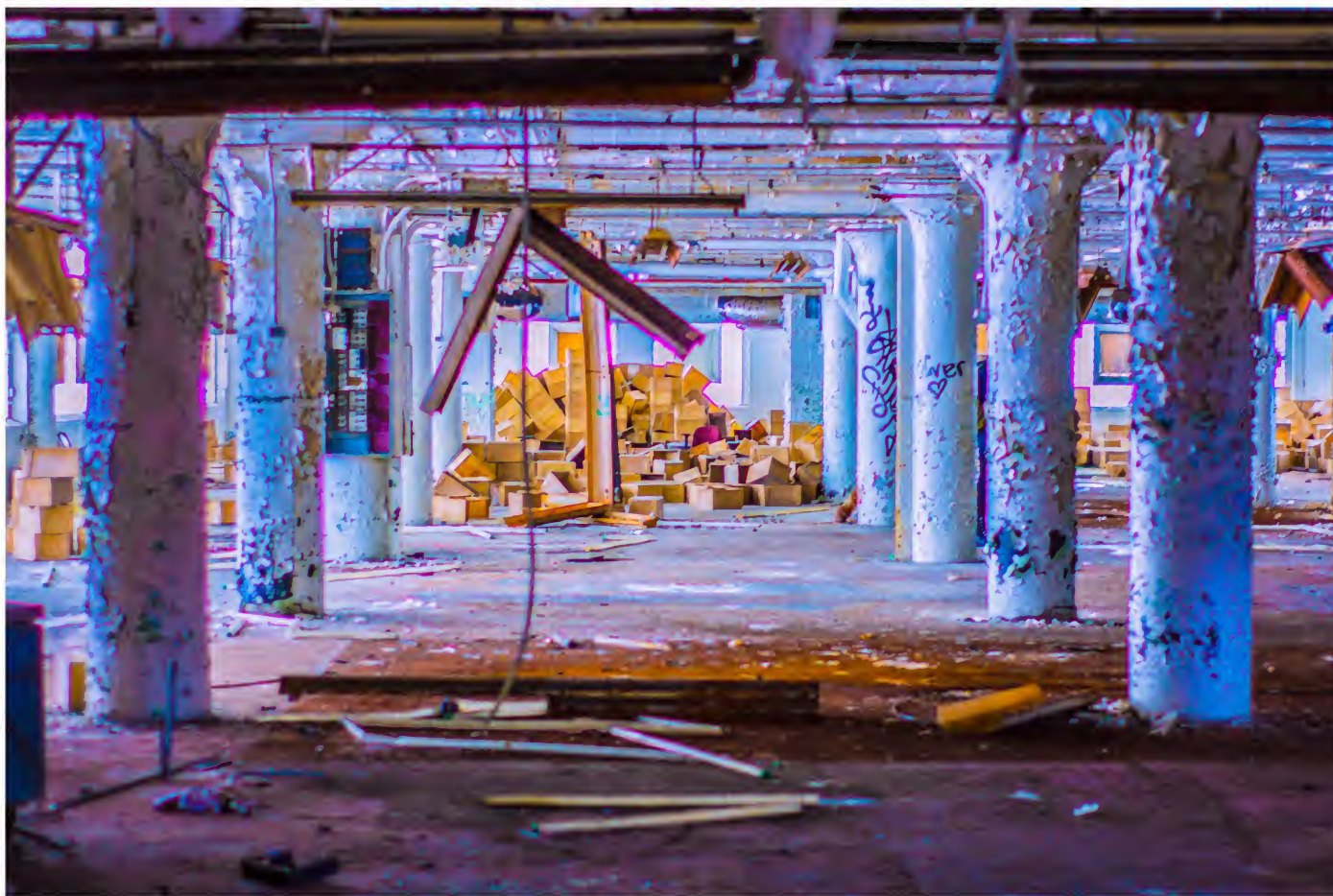


Sago Palm
Leah Jean
@lxxhjxxn
lxxhjxxn.com











Love Yourself, Emily Morse





redbubble.com/people/spooktacularrem?asc=u
society6.com/spooktacularrem





breaking silence
Arreis
@artbyarreis





Adina Vlasov

Only If



Luke Phillips
@lizard.phillips

14 days ago



Only If
Adina Vlasov
@adinavlasov
@adinavlasovmusic
Youtube

사출금형
제작
선반밀링

태화정공

T.2632-4738





*On the Outside Looking In, **Abigail Tung**, @abitions*



A venture into my depression and by ability to still look good while decaying. Done with charcoal and acrylic (2015).

Is this me?, Sawroop Sandhu @sawroopsandhu

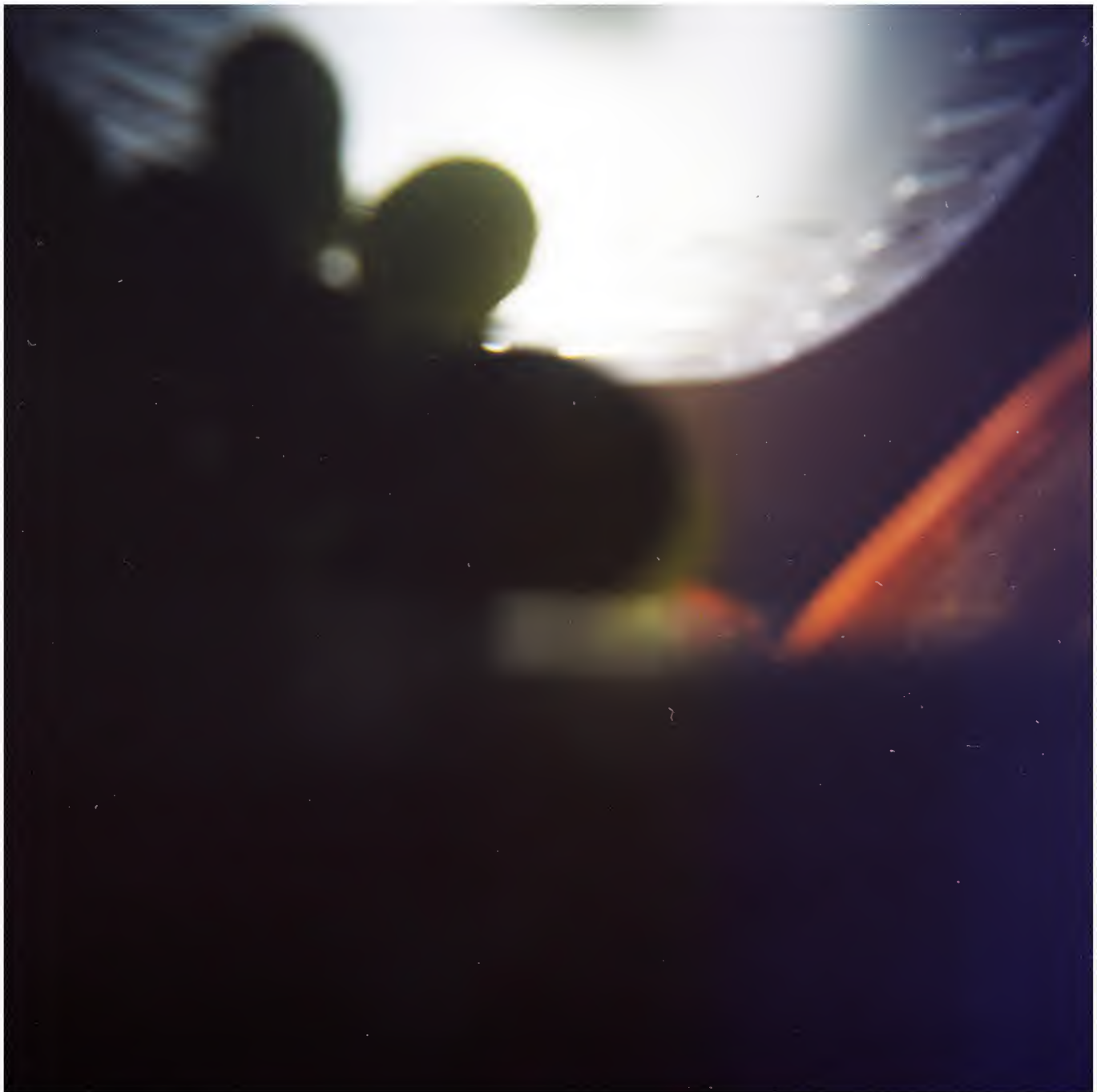


Amber Halloween
Isabella Fitzsimons
tumblr.com/blog/fitzart
[@izzy_fitzsimons](https://www.instagram.com/izzy_fitzsimons)



Through the Crowd
Abigail Tung
[@abitions](https://www.instagram.com/abitions)





Grapes
Becca Serena
@coldstrawberries



[The hal
of the
out and
pulled
little

"Jacque
to say.

"Well,
listene

"I hear
ones. I
on. Jac
grip mi
Jacquel
faster.

"Alfred
sound o
breath

"You st
respons
forward
familia
go." Ja

"It's a
movemen

"There
fight t
could h
of the
head.

"Alfred
Jacquel

"That's
okay. H
him. Th

"Two."

Alfred
moments
dauntin

The following piece contains subject matter related to suicide and death.

The hallway went silent

way went silent. The silence was an uncomfortable one. The type where anything could happen. One many doors in the hallway opened up. Out stepped a tall guy, Jacqueline Morris. Behind him stepped other guy around the same age, Alfred Bishop, whose eyes were clouded; unable to see. Jacqueline Alfred behind him, hand-in-hand. Alfred followed behind, not saying a word. Jacqueline also made noise. His footsteps hushed and his hand tightly intertwined with Alfred's.

line, where we going?" Alfred asked with concern. Jacqueline looked at the ground, unsure of what

what do you hear? What do you feel?" Jacqueline said, after a silence of contemplation. Alfred d.

r them behind us. Their footsteps uneven. Each clunking step they take, we take two quick soft I can hear your breath. It's shaking and uneven," he paused for a moment as if unsure to continue Jacqueline did not say a word "I feel my steps getting heavier from all the walking. I feel your hand ne tighter. I can feel my heart beating faster and your pulse matching the same rhythm." line paused and started leading Alfred towards a direction to the right." I feel our pace getting "

, we will go where they will not find us. We will go to a place where we shan't worry about the of them behind us. We will go to a place with silence is not to be feared." Jacqueline said his unsteady

opped," Alfred stood still. Jacqueline no longer tugged his hand forward." Is everything okay?" No e came. Alfred felt Jacqueline's hands untangle themselves from his. "Jacqueline?" Alfred felt l until his hands met with his friend's shoulders. Alfred shook him gently, his own ears picking up r footstep sounds from the far distance."I can hear them coming. They are drawing near. We should c Jacqueline moved Alfred's hands off him and they fell to Alfred's sides.

a dead end," muttered Jacqueline. His voice is raspy and low. Alfred turned towards the sound of t from a ways away, his lack of sight doing him no good.

doesn't sound to be too many of them, right? How many bullets do you have? We should be able to hem off?" Alfred tried to hold still, listening, but Jacqueline's shaking filled his ears. He ear no wind, no voices, just movement. Jacqueline then held still, his own eyes glued to the end hall, seeing all Alfred could not. Seeing a fate he did not wish to live, Jacqueline lowered his

, I think you're right. I know what I need to do. I have just enough ammo." Alfred relaxed. ine had spoken in a low reassuring tone.

s good how many bullets do you have?" Alfred asked cheerfully happy that everything was going to be e heard clicking, the sound of a gun being prepared to shoot. He heard Jacqueline turn towards en his question was answered.

fell to the floor with a loud thud, greeting the silence that Jacqueline had spoken to him about s before. A silence that will welcome both of them with ease. One that draws them away from the g footsteps that follow where they go. The silence that heals.

The Hallway went Silent
MLXr





A study of the female body that allows me to speak about the, current, colourful positivity of my own queerness. Done with water colour and acrylic.

WHO DOES MY BODY

I'm afraid to cut my hair / to let them see the
weeds that grow in the dark corners of my body /
to have my nipples offend them

BELONG TO?

Will they think it's a political statement?

Isn't it?

Who does my body belong to?, Ariana Magliocco

STOP shouting at me ... **I have**

STOP looking at me ... **you**

STOP. STOP. I said



YEAH

Talk to me

Look at me

DOn't STOP

e 2 ears

ou are making me feel weird

id just fucking *STOP*

AH ... that is me ASSHOLE

... i am lonely

me ... i need your love





teeth

bryn mccutcheon
@brynm



the scraping of spoon on teeth
two mouths
one spoon

surrounded - swallowed by ceilings
and unboxes of unthings
that don't matter till they're unraveled
surrounded - I am

hair matted and marred - the tar of sleepless eyes
I have tried
I swear I've tried
to get past the

scraping of spoon on teeth
two mouths
one spoon

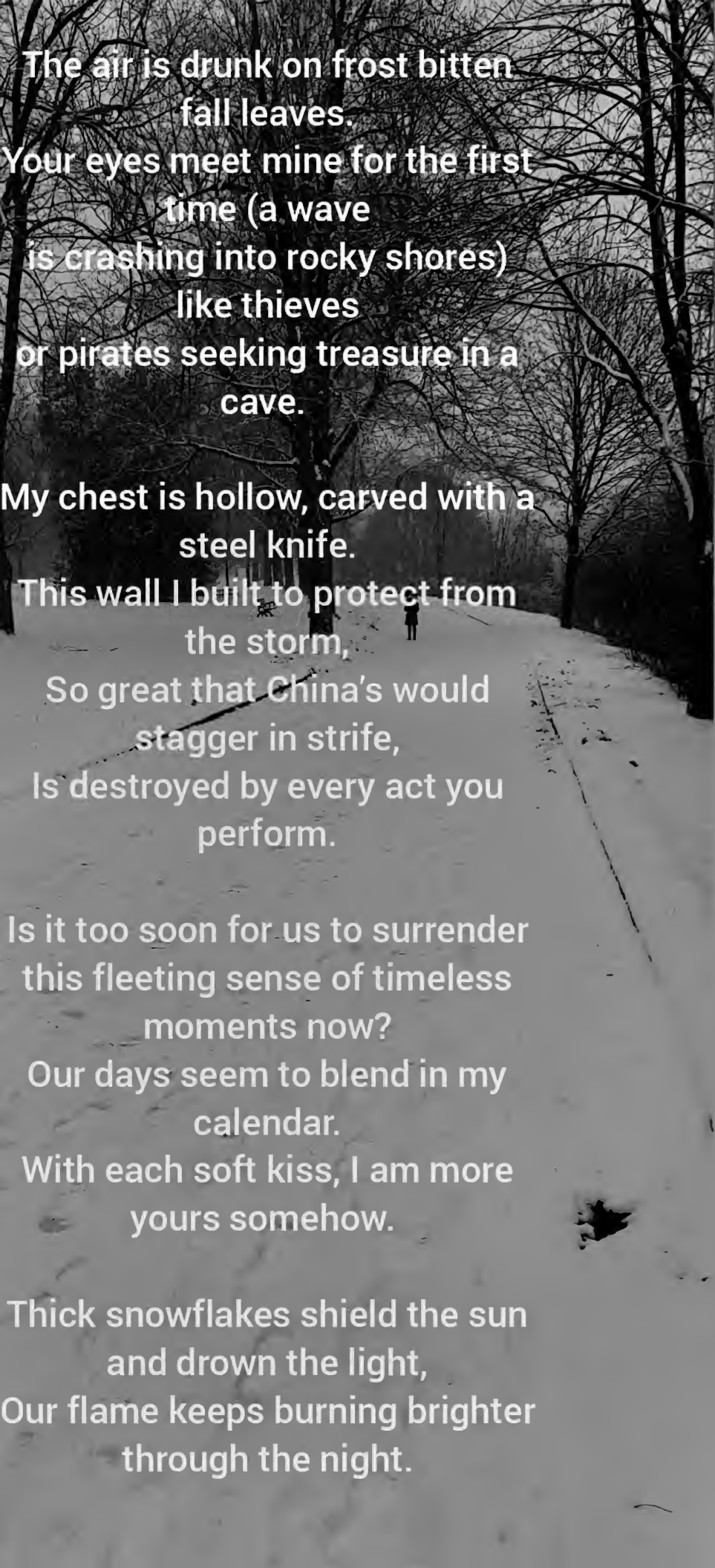
Platinum Grillz, Amanda Benaim @art_amandabenaim





Snow in Autumn - written for my boyfriend
Ashley Landesman
@ashley.landesman







The air is drunk on frost bitten
fall leaves.
Your eyes meet mine for the first
time (a wave
is crashing into rocky shores)
like thieves
or pirates seeking treasure in a
cave.

My chest is hollow, carved with a
steel knife.
This wall I built to protect from
the storm,
So great that China's would
stagger in strife,
Is destroyed by every act you
perform.

Is it too soon for us to surrender
this fleeting sense of timeless
moments now?
Our days seem to blend in my
calendar.
With each soft kiss, I am more
yours somehow.

Thick snowflakes shield the sun
and drown the light,
Our flame keeps burning brighter
through the night.



If Wishes came true

Potato glanced at Pomegranate. Pomegranate's outer skin shone a dull shine in the fluorescent kitchen light. Alas, Potato lived his life as a vegetable. His life as a potato sealed his fate to be wed with his own kind. Pomegranate being a fruit made it impossible for the two to reproduce, yet the feelings still remained.

Every once in awhile Potato would be carefully placed on the countertop. The same countertop where pomegranate is fruit bowl sat. That made Potato ever so giddy.

One November night in the potato sack, Potato overheard some rumours—those of which contained Pomegranate's defilement. Worried about what might happen, Potato made his best efforts to see Pomegranate as soon as possible. His attempts made no difference and were in vain. Instead, his family members were chosen. Day after day he watched his brothers, sisters, and more leave the potato sack they called home.

It happened, late at night, Potato woke from his slumber to find himself no longer in the sack. He moved from the sack to the kitchen counter countertop. There he witnessed his alternative fate, one kept hidden from him until now. His cousin potato, sliced by a razor sharp knife. His sister potato, boiled in hot water and with neighbour carrot. Potato made a mad dash out of danger's way and rolled into a deep, smelly pit.

He could see the fruit he longed for eternity, through the thick layer of Darkness. Pomegranate's stem no longer shown a dull shine and was ugly in colour. He appeared soft and mushy. Potato secreted smells of joy. His wish came true. If only Pomegranate were alive to see his tears of happiness. They seemed to last forever. The days in which Potato admired Pomegranate from afar. Potato sat crying for a day in the dark pit, mourning Pomegranate's lack of life. Yet little did he know, the days until they meet would not be long. *

*Potato eventually meets Pomegranate in the food afterlife. Yet his heart will be broken because Pomegranate already loves Carrot...

If Wishes came true
MLXr







Luke Phillips
@lizard.phillips



reflection
Ashley Landesman
@ashley.landesman







Pride Flies, **Becca Serena** @coldstrawberries



I'm a marginalized minority,
and I'm not talking about my skin.
I'm doomed because my heart lies with people
who have two X chromosomes and buy Tampax slim.



I can't hold my partner's hand in public,
Without being scared someone's gonna talk shit.
Or even worse
that we're gonna get smacked.
Hit.
By some folk who thinks it's wrong to love without
dick.

We're still hanging on hangers with cardigans.
We're sorting your shoes alphabetically by designer.
This is where you hide when you're a flaming homo.
This is where you hide when you could be murdered
in your own home.



Everyday BuzzFeed comes out with out with news of how the
gay agenda is progressing for a few,
and a matching article of how we lost another two.
And sometimes there's wins, but mostly we lose.

Don't keep telling us we have it better than before.
Children of the rainbow.
I know we owe it to the stonewallers who said
No.
But I can tell you,
On the streets we still have to hang low
And I'm from "gay-ass" Toronto.

I'm a lucky queer, I got educated friends.
They'll knock out any stranger and come to my defense,
but what about all the people who are solo in the brawl.
When going gets tough, they're the ones that are gonna fall.

And maybe you think BuzzFeed is some bullshit,
and all out for the clicks.
But at least they give a shit
and acknowledge we ain't finished yet.

We spread the word to enemies.
We educate the lost.
Cause straight people have power.
Please help us.
It's at no cost.



And some of you are cheering and some of you might hate,
having a gay coloured woman tell you what's wrong
in the world of late.
But thank you for listening
Because it is time.

I don't ask for much, I just wanna hold her hand.
And see that acceptance is not just for one woman and one man.
Or that because a white gay male couple made it on TV we're
all fine.
Cause maybe he's fine,
but what about the shes and the theys
This battle isn't just queers versus straights.
The marginalized have a hierarchy too that exists today.

One day I hope to see a world where same love is not a crime,
But I'm realistic I know there's no finish it's a constant climb.

I am not religious, but I do pray to the sky.
And if I need to I'll get down on my knees and I'll cry.
That nobody else has to wait for their family to die
so that they can have the chance to walk
down the aisle.



Untitled, 2016
Lucia Wallace
@art_journal_by_
Embroidery, wool,



FOUR THE SILENT
Arreis
@artbyarreis

Lucia
and glass beads on cotton, 35cm x 45cm, \$150



Silent Peace
Alexa Zhang
@amatshots

Special thank you to all contributors:



*Abigail Tung
Adam Ibrahim
Adina Vlasov
Alexander Lam
Alexa Zhang
Amanda Benaim
Another Human
Ariana Magliocco
Arreis
Ashley Landesman
Athena Katerina
Becca Serena
Bryn McCutcheon
Emily Morse
Isabella Fitzsimons
Jamie Michelle Hong
Jasmine Kuri
Leah Jean
Lucia Wallace
Luke Phillips
Matt Conacher
MLXr
Roscoe
Sawroop Sandhu
Simran Tamber
Sophie Vanhomwegen
Valentina Caballero*





different // january 2018
curated by rebecca mclaren